

# PANE GYRICK

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## His Highness Prince RUPERT, ON

His present Expedition with *His Majesties NAVY ROYAL*  
against the *DUTCH*.

Arma *VIRUMq; cano*—

Great PRINCE! to whose unwearied Pains and Care  
England Eternal Monuments must rear  
Of Gratitude, as having found in YOU  
At once her Nestor and Achilles too :  
Whose Grave Advice does first our Factions close,  
And then your Matchless Arm subdues our Foes.  
Permit an Hamble Muse your Fame to greet,  
And with your Canvise spread a Votive Sheet,  
Predicting Victory: Assur'd no less,  
RUPERT Commanding warranteth success.  
RUPERT, that Glorious Name, wherein we have  
Whatever's Prudent, Valiant, Great, or Brave ;  
In whom Nature all past Hero's does summe,  
And Copies sets to those that are to come.  
With such a Chief and such a Navy blest,  
As never yet the Oceans Surface prest,  
For strength, for courage, and for number too,  
What if we may not fairly hope to do ?  
Especially upon a Cause so Just,  
As might to Providence and Cock-b'at's trust :  
Though thanks to Heaven a Moving Wood, we see,  
Covers the bosom of our Narrow Sea ;  
A Floating Island, that seems to surpass  
Denmark and Dantzick for full choice of Masts :  
As if that Womb of Ships (*Forest of Dean*)  
Into the Ocean now had shifted Scene.  
Phansie no more Fond Hogens to surprise  
Us with Fair Words and Foul Advantages ;  
Nor hope a doubtful Treaties fly pretence  
Shall gull us to omit needful Defence.  
We'll parly Arm'd, and if you Deaf remain  
To Reason still, and our Just Terms disdain,  
We'll Bore your Ears wi. Thunder, till you cease  
Your haughty Pride, and humbly beg for Peace.

See how Fate to your Ruine does advance,  
The English Valour, and Fury of France.  
Vessels of such a bulk ! we may maintain  
That Wooden Mountains Dance upon the Main.  
Their stately Rigging charm the gazing eye ;  
But with what horrour and stupidity  
Must you receive that Dread Salute that comes  
From gaping Entrails of their Numerous Guns !  
Whose language speaks Confusion, and their breath  
Impregnates Air with Sentences of death ;  
Outroaring Thunder with their Frightful Souds,  
Which ev'ry Wave to neighbouring Shores rebounds,  
Like to unbinge the Poles, and dash the Spheres,  
In shatters about trembling Atlas ears.  
Those Fatal Peals Heaven hath designed well,  
To ring your Hogen Mogen Stateships Knell.

Zerxes his Chains were but a Foolery ;  
Such Fleets alone the Seas in Fetters tie :  
Man'd with stout Seamen yielding to no stroke ;  
For (like their Ships) their Hearts are Trusty Oke.  
Spains King, that formerly Sirnamed His  
INVINCIBLE, how would he Christen This !  
To which that proud Armado was no more  
Then Sholes of Fisher-boats crept from the Shore.  
Let none repine that Bacons Art did fail ;  
His Brazen to these Wooden Walls must vail.

May Sacred CHARLES have always such a Fleet,  
Incroaching Foes to prostrate at his Feet,  
And never want such Arguments as these  
To assert his Right unto the Narrow Seas.

FINIS.

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